

# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



SHIRLEY HOLT & LEE RICHARDSON



# LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY  
SHIRLEY HOLT

RETOLD BY  
LEE RICHARDSON

This gentle rendering of a classic tale is the second in a series of collectible children's books by ShirLee, the publishers of *Sophie's Surprise*. *Little Red Riding Hood* as retold by Lee Richardson and sensitively illustrated by Shirley Holt is sure to charm and delight children of all ages.













LITTLE RED  
RIDING HOOD



*Dedicated To:*  
Our Children

*A Special Thanks To:*  
Stacy and her Mother  
Pomper  
Dick  
Andy  
and  
Del

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD  
French and German Folklore

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Once there was a little girl  
who lived with her mother in  
a house on the edge of a dense  
forest.

One morning her mother filled  
a basket with some fresh apple  
tarts, a tin of peppermint tea  
and six brown eggs.

“Take this food to Grandmother,”  
she told the little girl.

“Grandmother is very sick.  
These good things to eat  
will help her to get well.”











Grandmother's cottage lay deep  
within the forest.

The little girl's mother said,  
"Take the path through the forest.  
T'is the quickest way.  
Be sure to stay on the path,  
or you might get lost.  
Remember," she said, shaking her  
finger, "go straight there.  
Do not stop along the way."

The little girl hugged her mother  
and said, "I promise."  
She put on her favorite red cloak  
and hood that Grandmother had made  
for her.

Then she picked up the basket and  
walked down the path that led through  
the forest to Grandmother's cottage.



**T**he little girl soon forgot  
her promise when she saw an  
owl sitting in a tree.  
“Who are you?” he asked.

“Everyone calls me Red Riding  
Hood,” she said.

“Be on your way, Little Red  
Riding Hood,” said the owl.  
“A big mean wolf lives in this  
forest.  
He has not eaten in three days  
and is very hungry.  
He could swallow a little girl  
like you in one mouthful!”

Red Riding Hood shivered as she  
thought of the wolf.  
She pulled her cloak tighter around  
her and hurried down the path.











**I**t was not long before she stopped  
again to pick some pretty daisies.



Suddenly, out jumped the wolf!  
“Good morning, Little Red Riding  
Hood,” he said.  
“Where are you going on this fine day?”

“To my grandmother’s,” she said.  
He seemed so friendly that she  
was not afraid of him.

“Where does your grandmother live?”

“In the stone cottage at the end  
of the path,” said Red Riding Hood.

“Why not take some wild berries to  
her?” said the sly wolf.

“There are some big, red, juicy ones  
growing just beyond the tall fir tree.”

“Thank you, Wolf,” she said. “I will.  
Grandmother likes to eat berries for  
her breakfast.”











While Red Riding Hood went to look for the berry patch, the wolf ran ahead to Grandmother's cottage.

"How clever I have been," thought the wolf.

"Now I shall eat both of them for my supper!"

He remembered how tender and plump Red Riding Hood had looked.

"I shall eat her first!" grinned the wolf.

His mouth began to water at the thought of eating such a delicious meal.







When the wolf arrived at the cottage he knocked on the door.

“Who is there?” called Grandmother from her bed.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” said the wolf in a tiny voice.

“Lift the latch and walk in, my dear,” said Grandmother.

The wolf lifted the latch and the door swung open.

He ran to the bed and grabbed up the little old lady.

He quickly pushed her into the closet and locked the door.

The wolf wrapped Grandmother’s shawl around his shoulders and over his head. He placed her glasses gently on his nose. Then he leaped into her bed, pulled the quilt under his chin and waited for Red Riding Hood to come.



Red Riding Hood picked some wild berries and tucked them in around the edge of the basket. Then she suddenly remembered the promise she had made to her mother and ran straight away to Grandmother's cottage.

"How strange," she thought.

"The door is open!"

She peeked around the door and called, "Grandmother, I have brought some special treats for you."

Grandmother did not answer.

"Where can she be?" thought Red Riding Hood.

"Maybe she is sleeping."

She tiptoed to Grandmother's bed.











‘G’ood morning, Grandmother,”  
said Red Riding Hood.  
“Are you feeling better?”

The wolf nodded his head, and the shawl  
fell away from his face.  
“Come closer, my dear,” he said.

“Grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what big hands you have!”

“All the better to hold you with, my dear.”

“If you are my grandmother why are your  
teeth so long and sharp?”



‘**A**ll the better to eat you with,  
my dear!” snarled the hungry wolf.  
With that he leaped out of the bed  
and grabbed Little Red Riding Hood!

At first she was so frightened that  
she could not move.  
Then she kicked him as hard as she  
could and he let go of her.  
She ran to the window.  
“Help! Help!” she called.  
“Someone please help me!”

The wolf smiled and showed his long  
sharp teeth.  
“No one can help you now,” he chuckled.  
Then he grabbed her again!  
“Little Red Riding Hood,” he said.  
“You are to be my supper!”

Nearby in the forest a hunter was  
chasing a gray fox.  
He heard Red Riding Hood’s cries for  
help.  
He ran to the little stone cottage.







‘Y ou old sinner!’ shouted  
the hunter when he saw the wolf.

“This is the end of you!”

As he raised his gun to shoot,  
the wolf slipped out the door.  
Before the hunter could get off a shot,  
the wolf disappeared into the forest  
and was never seen again.

“Let me out! Let me out!”

Red Riding Hood hurried to the closet.  
She unlocked the door and let  
Grandmother out.  
They thanked the hunter for saving them  
from the hungry wolf and invited him to  
stay for tea.

“I want to find the gray fox before the sun  
goes down,” he said.

“So I must hurry.”

He turned and walked back into the forest.







Grandmother took two cups out of the cupboard and set them on the table. She reached into the basket for some apple tarts. She poured Red Riding Hood a nice hot cup of peppermint tea and one for herself.

Soon Grandmother's cheeks were rosy and her eyes began to twinkle. "My goodness," she said. "I am feeling better already."

Suddenly, the clock struck three. "Bong! Bong! Bong!" "Oh dear," said Red Riding Hood, "it is time for me to leave."

She kissed her grandmother and said, "I will come again tomorrow. Do not worry, Grandmother. Next time I will keep my promise. I will never stop along the way again." Then she picked up the empty basket, waved goodbye and walked straight down the path to her home.







# THE END













## Shirley Holt

is known for her fanciful paintings, drawings and etchings. Her original work is widely represented in both public and private collections and she has shown extensively in solo and group exhibits.

Holt's portrayal of childhood innocence and the beauty she sees in nature and relationships finds perfect expression with her pen and ink illustrations.

Shirley and her husband Jack are the parents of four children and make their home on the Monterey Peninsula in Pacific Grove, California.

## Lee Richardson

The author, Lee Richardson, became serious about writing in 1980. *Sophie's Surprise*, released as a Christmas edition followed soon after and she has been working at writing for children ever since.

Lee and her husband George make their home in Salinas, California. With four children and seven grandchildren, home and family is at the heart of Lee's busy life.



